it a go, you will."

## THE LITTLE GATE.

By KATE JORDAN.

Nussbaum had some suggestions. Would he have in two of the company and himself and start a "pully" game of bridge at 5 cents a point, "a real sizzler?" She was sick of bridge. How about poker? She did not want him to mention cards again. Well, suppose she let him make her one of his own special "pick-me-ups?" Oh, the mass of men had about as much soul as so many Yahoos; he would be suggesting something to eat next; she really believed he would be quite capable even of that. Nussbaum had been trembling on the verge of describing a particularly fascinating canape of truffles, but he was mentally agile enough to look pained at her accusation. He leaned toward her, dripping-sympathy. What was

Nothing-and everything. Life was the matter-life-life! She had nothing to live for, nothing real. She was a cheat; all the people walking the earth were cheats. The real I was hidden in every mortal's heart, the I that suffered, that wrung its hands, that did not sleep at dead of night. She crushed one arm against her mouth just as she did in the scene with Armand's father. Nussbau looked frightened. He had never seen her quite as bad as this. Hysterics were duany moment, and she was famous for her hysterics. But when she looked at him again her dark, dry eyes had the burn of old pain in them. It was no use, she could not keep up the game. She was sick, sick, slek of it all.

He began to feel more comfortable. She just wanted "taffy." He had only to brace her up by telling her she was "the greatest ever." They all found this "a reatest ever." They all found this "a edicine easy to take." So he smiled, showing his small, flashing teeth. could she talk so?-she, Fabia Leighton-Leighton-the greatest English speaking emotional actress who had crossed the Atlantic. She was beautiful, she was famous, she was rich, she was ng. Could mortal woman want more? She moved to the edge of the chair and

gripped its sides with the dark, bony hands that could be so wonderfully expressive in her big moments. He had nictured her as the public saw her-but worked against tormenting odds to rise; still, like one obsessed by the fear of losing an inch of her foothold, spent her more money; who had no family left from the wreck of years; no friends of the ing under her celebrated chin, but Nussbaum thought he understood women.

pins out of her hair. She shook her beautiful hair, a better shade this year than last. Nussbaum thought she had been wise to give up trying for the red The loosening of her hair seemed to give her relief. Her face calmed, she turned to him with closed eyes. It was with closed eyes that she made her disquieting statement. She was homesick for England; she would go as far west and north in the States as the contract called for; she would not go into Canada with laughter. to more snow and ice, she could not. He

Nussbaum bounded up like a ball. It would mean the loss of thousands and thousands; she was sorry, but she could not help it. It would mean being used; she gave the celebrated, undulating shrug of her thin shoulders and told him to say she was ill-as she was, ill of heart and soul. What about the company? Would she leave them unemployed? No, she would settle with them out of her own pocket, and she added that he could go now; she wanted to be alone. Her last half-hysterical statement followed him as he tumbled out, sputtering- Nothing would induce her to go to Canada-noth-

Nussbaum remained in the icv air on the platform. He must by some strategy get her over the border. Once there she would fill the Canadian dates. He pondered; he had two things to build upon her kind heart and her colossal vanity. His meditations resulted in a telegram sent that night to Henderson, owner and manager of the Hyperion Opera House in the first Canadian town for which they

"Leighton fretful, refuses filling Cana dian dates. Is determined. May induce her if arrange something urgent. Say committee wealthlest citizens, several lowns, meet herest station. Brass band. flowers, fake all if necessary. Ring in whole gailery sold to orphan asylum. Say little hearts broken if don't see her Juliet. Lay on thick citizens high position, little orphans tear-drenched pillows, wire fully my expense."

TT It was this telegram that made Henderson finds his coffee hurriedly the next this last night from Nussbaum, her mannight, plunge into his mink ulster and ager. start off to find Andrew Brett. He had been busy all day arranging the game as Nussbaum had directed, but Andrew was

his trump card. "There's a gentleman," he was think-

ing. "He'll look the part. The others word. are hodcarriers compared to him."

With nothing but his nose showing be tween the high collar and vizor-like cap, he was soon deep in the furs of his sleigh starlight. The rug-draped board hid the compared to the heartrending picture I call it off." gusts rushed in around angles and sawed his nose. He was carried along the empty, ghostly High street. The theater was dark to-night and the people were housed like hibernating animals. Near an electric lamp one of his posters, that the wind had partially ripped from its place, wind had partially ripped from its place, wind he leading citizens—are they—?"

Leighton got here and found she'd been gazed about with caution, and bent cown, fooled you couldn't drag her into the his lips trembling. "Are you glad to see me—as glad as I the derivation of the state face of Fabia Leighton, but Henderson, peeping from the shade of his cap, saw

ing, snow-fringed roof, and sunk in a cup and then of an American millionaire, gire here." He selzed Andrew's hand and sound somewhere. "Everything is news



"WHEN SHE LIGHTED HIS CIGARETTE

He laughed as he draw Henderson in: something for you in a minute."

He poured a drink for Henderson and raked at the white-hot cylindrical stove till the kettle on it swayed.

got sick of being tied to a man who was slow making good, and chucked him."

you know," he said, his mouth twitching ones. Henderson, the real Greek articlebut this is all you'll get." 'Why do you suppose I've come all the

way out here on a night like this, Brett?" Henderson asked sweetly when his nose had gone out.
was a healthy magenta.

"No. You're going to do me a favor." Henderson bent over and gripped Andrew's knee. "I'm not one to throw son asserted. "A mixtur bouquets at myself, you'll admit, so I may and vulture, that's all." ust this once ask you if I haven't from time to time been a friend to you?" "You have from time to time," said Andrew, clasping his delicate musician's fingers restfully, his elbows on the arms

of his chair, "saved me from the hosital and the poorhouse. "Oh, pshaw! not that much—"
"Just that. Don't be modest, Hender-

son. Last winter when the school was losed on account of smallpox and every private pupil I had went to Egypt or some other place, what should I have done but for fiddling it now and again game to oblige you, Henderson. Out with anything you like!"

Henderson beamed and took another drink. "Well, there's a bit of a yarn first. You know Fabla Leighton was booked to come

here for to-morrow night in 'Romeo and

ghostly touch of attenuation. she's not coming?" "Oh, yes, she is-but I'll explain, I got

forms and stared dramatically at Andrew, while he read them. The pale face opposite him had two excited eyes and two burning spots under them as he finished.

The papers fell and he waited without a "Well, it's all arranged," said Henderwell, it's all arranged. said Henderson. "I sent a telegram that cost me \$14

-town clamoring for her. As for the litin dress suits that ten to one they'll steal
flash was so vivid she put up her fingers

driver and was supposed to act as a drew of their distress—"

He plunged again into his ulster. Anscreen against the wind, but irritating "There is no orphan asylum nearer drew stood with open distress in his face, Andrew began to remonstrate moistening his lips nervously.

"But what of the little French hoodlums at 50 cents aplece to stand waving

Andrew's face was serious as he paused and they'll find it out." if, and half hid the passionate, weary and the state was serious as he passed. The first half hid it out the passionate, weary and the passionate as the passionate as the passionate as the passionate and the passionate as the passionate as the passionate and the passionate and the passionate as the passionate and the passionate and the passionate and the passionate as the passionate and th Hang such impertinence! She thought Leighton than pay the advanced price for wrong one, or one too many. "If they canadians barbarians, perhaps, not worth a seat for one night? If he wanted to, his are to fool her, I'd rather be the leader other hand over his, she looked up, laugh-Well, she had met her match women folk wouldn't let him. She's not and really greet her—really, Henderson ling in a feeble, foolish way. "Fanny! You see," he stammered, as Henderson Oh, David dear, dear David, what mil-"a peach" when it came to managing a woman.

The sieigh stopped before a frame house in the suburbs overlooking the river. It was very small and decrepit, with slanting, snow-fringed roof, and sunk in a cup and then of an American millionaira.

What's brought you on such a night? right along. Well, the kid died, and then Your man'll need to keep those horses Leighton, who saw something she liked going, I'll tell you. Come on, I'll have whenever she looked in the mirror and He poured a drink for Henderson and knew she could act if she got a chance,

"Ah," said Andrew. "I see." nose needs attention, Henderson. Pull it, "Chucked him like turning over her man-rub it-pull it!" He flung down the hand. She went on the stage. He was poker and followed his own directions finished. He went to the deuce and she here in twenty-four below zero. Go on, test. "You couldn't weil do without it, got a divorce." Henderson grew vehe- son." ment. "Women like that are not women.

The pipe hanging from Andrew's lips "How can we tell? How can any one was a healthy magenta.

"You're so terribly nice to me," said know anything about any one else?" he he confidential mused. "Change goes on in each of us, tial smile, "she says that of every night." Henderson, not only day by day, but mo- Wait here, please. What name?

ment by moment."

der," he said. "I'd like to know." "Know what?"

"If she ever thinks of the man who long time he returned. rent to the devil."

"How chummy?" Henderson put both his hands on An- memories difficult to resist rushing over drew's knee. "That brings me back to him. He steeled himself. If his heart the favor you're to do for me. I'm fak- continued to act in this mountebank man-

greatest financier and philanthropist - The place was unlighted, and through anything you like!" the windows, hung with rose silk and ar-

teen years before and who had never ex-plained himself. Whatever his history, words of greeting. denty pale, his gentle face took on a good or bad, there was one thing sure, touch of attenuation. "Was good or bad, there was one thing sure, the tried to answer, but the voice kept touch of attenuation. "Was good or bad, there was one thing sure, the tried to answer, but the voice kept touch of attenuation." and Henderson felt it now more than singing in his brain, and the scented, ever before-he was more than a gentle- warm air after the benumbing cold seem-

his connivance in his trick. "I couldn't do it, Henderson. I can't wearily. explain fully. I'm sorry, but I really "I wish I could say I liked your weath-

explain fully. I'm sorry, but I really couldn't," Andrews said quietly.

"No," Henderson muttered, "you could not. I was a fool to imagine you could."
He stood up. "It's different with the others—scalawags, every one of them.

Then see the toke of playing centlemen. tle French orphans-oh, la-la!-little if I don't watch 'em; but you, a gentle- with an annoyed gesture to shelter her he was soon deep in the furs of his sleigh and speeding through a night of ice and street' is a rhinestone to the Kohinoor I don't blame you. You're right. We'll "He

He plunged again into his ulster. An- retary had gone.

premise is yours. Why, it's fully under- eh?" stood that for the sake of the rest of the Canadian engagement Leighton is never

breath. He was like a somnambulist awaking in an unfamiliar place. For more than an hour he sat before the stove, his arms folded, gazing at it, although there was nothing to see but the diminishing glow. He went to the organ and began to play, softly at first and brokenly, snatches mixed with reverlet, during which his fingers lay useless on the keys. His mood changed and he played volumed harmonies that made the walls of the gmall room tremble as if the walls of the gmall room tremble as if the soul of the house were moved. These trickled into the lover's song in "Rigo-letto," and he sang it a number of times breath. He was like a somnambulist -she sat down on the arm of a chair and mitted a distinguished citizen. trickled into the lover's song in "Rigo-letto," and he sang it a number of times in a worn tenor, smiling in the pauses. At 11 o'clock the young engineer who shared the four-roomed house with him shared the four-roomed house with him the sanguage of the sanguage of the sinking sun, all that we left on the a good talk."

The wonderful intimate moment came
They are nothing. Only one peace counts

They are nothing. Only one peace counts

and he sat conceits here and look into
the sinking sun, all that we left on the
and hates and dreams—we value rightly.

The wonderful intimate moment came
They where we understand all, forgive all." shared the four-roomed house with him came and his supper of chops, turnips, and coffee as inviting and hot as usual, but Andrew was not hovering near the table with his pipe and mug of ale, ready for a gossip before bed time.

He wonderful intimate moment came and he sat opposite her once more. They could say what was in their hearts, for the dispensed with the attentions of the mald after the salad was brought on. The small table was radiant with the table, gazing after him. Here eyes bless-rouse in the kitchen irons blazing on the silver which always went to the salad with the red men.

He wonderful intimate moment came and he sat opposite her once more. They where we understand all, forgive all."

A handclasp, a long one, and they particularly a great favorite with the red men.

Began Trapping at Twenty table, gazing after him. Here eyes bless-rouse in the little and the salad write and a great favorite with the red men.

Began Trapping at Twenty table, gazing after him. Here eyes bless-rouse in the little and the salad write and the salad write and the salad was brought on.

The small table was radiant with the chiral was about twenty year.

about to shatter, a tear on the cheek became a diamond, the breath congealed into a veil of glass on unprotected lips:

The samong the tall wheat. Did he over the land of immoderate whiteness the sky was spread, a marquetry of blust farm he had settled on.

This farm was later platted for the remember of the sky was spread, a marquetry of blust farm he had settled on.

This farm was later platted for the remember of the sky was spread, a marquetry of blust farm he had settled on.

This farm was later platted for the remember of the sky was spread, a marquetry of blust farm he had settled on.

This farm was later platted for the remember of the sky was spread, a marquetry of blust farm he had settled on.

This farm was later platted for the remember of the sky was spread, a marquetry of blust farm he had settled on.

This farm was later platted for the remember of the sky was spread, a marquetry of blust farm he had settled on.

The samong the tall wheat in the sky was spread, a marquetry of blust farm he had settled on.

This farm was later platted for the remember of the sky was spread, a marquetry of blust farm he had settled on.

The samong the tall wheat in the sky was spread, a marquetry of blust farm he had settled on.

The samong the tall wheat in the sky was spread, a marquetry of blust farm he had settled on.

The samong the tall wheat in the sky was spread, a marquetry of blust farm he had settled on.

The samong the tall wheat in the sky was spread, a marquetry of blust farm he had settled on.

The samong the tall wheat in the sky was spread, a marquetry of blust farm he had settled on.

The samong the tall wheat in the sky was spread, a marquetry of blust farm he had settled on.

The samong the tall wheat in the sky was spread, a marquetry of blust farm he had settled on.

The samong the tall wheat in the sky was spread, a marquetry of blust farm he had settled on.

there was a lingering touch of foppish-country, had a baby. He was aiming to caught sight of the blank stare and palthere was a lingering touch of toppish-said nothing of the twenty-odd stage ness. His age was betrayed in the feeble neck above the Byronic collar and in the leria' or a 'Carmen.' But he didn't. He'd this message as they clustered around the into his lonely heart sunken, lined blue eyes, sad even in the bursts of laughter that came so readily. Almost land, miss, and try again. Then big stove right stove right is message as they clustered around the bursts of laughter that came so readily.

Andrew went down the platform, bewil-Admiration, sables, diamonds, names in dered, but meeting Leighton's young Engthe newspapers - that's all they care lish secretary, came out of the maze and about. Not a morsel of heart in their made a diffident request to be allowed to speak a few words to her in behalf of his fellow-townsmen.

"If she's not asleep," said the secretary

"Mr. Andrew Brett, the-the chairman "I tell you I know that sort," Hender- of the committee wishing to greet her, son asserted. "A mixture of money bag he said, the excited beating of his heart weakening his voice.

Andrew's eyes were almost closed. He took the dead pipe from his lips. "I won- at Henderson's mink ulster and cap, and carrying the boxes of flowers, retreated within the car. After what seemed

"She will see you for a moment."

Henderson gave a big laugh. "Well, Andrew followed him into a place of maybe you can find out, son, if you get dusk and warmth. The perfume of hellotrope met him as if from a garden. "She still uses that scent," he thought,

done but for fiddling it now and again ing the distinguished citizens and your can be the biggest pebble on the beach—our her as a distinguished citizen should? Andrew let a few seconds pass while he rowed high with frost, the station lights considered this statement; then he stood were hazy specks. The noise outside was up, graceful, cold, overwhelmingly calm. He had often been impressive to Henderson, this shabby, sweet-faced man who had come among them from England fif-second in his own, and the languishing

> man; he was a gentle soul, "the real, ed to chain his senses. She waited. He true blue article," as Henderson expressed was silent. She thought pim a provincial it. He felt ashamed for having suggested person overwhelmed by his personal contact with her, and sank down again

"Heavens!" she murmured, half turning from him, "I don't want-" but the sec-

Their eyes met then. A long, long look of recognition followed, and each saw in "Henderson, give it up," he gently implored. "It seems a shabby trick to play," to graves. He was not the amazed one and found she'd been gazed about with caution, and bent down,

> a little lurch forward, held out one hand "Say it again," she said with yearning.

"Fanny!" she echoed, and putting her

Wrung it until he winced. "You'll make to the papers. We don't want them to life crowded into sixty minutes. But when make paragraphs about us." "I have two conditions, however," An-She rose quickly brushed the tears finality is founded, that companions every

wear my own evening clothe, you under- worn eyelids. stand. As it happens, they're the best "You're right. If they'd heard you call this tete-a-tete ended, they would sepathings I have. And she is never to know that I'm not what I seem to be. You give me your word?"

"Don't you worry about that. That tremise is yours. Why it's fully under-

"Yes," he said, "I am a rich man." "Is the music finished? Of course, you him both hands. "You're the only one

ollars distributed among them.

"She has a good heart, after all, that suppers in the twilights with dish-washing When he gaine "She has a good heart, after all, that woman," Henderson reflected as he posted a check to the orphan asylum twenty miles away. "Children seem to be her weak point."

As the afternoon wore on it began to feel as if the coldest day on record was to be eclipsed. Traffic struck metallic thunder from the frozen town, every pane of glass was opaque and glittering with frost, houses creaked like brittle things about to shatter, a tear on the cheek be-

She seemed to grow younger each moat noon and during the home-coming ment. The woman with stained tired lute. rening hours there was movement in eyelids and lines like heated rapier cuts. Andrew gazed about, thrilled and rever-

cheerfully.

It was an enchanting hour, the best in

the clock struck 7 the sadness on which drew added, his soft eyes lighting. "I back, and her eyes flashed under the "last time" stole with a reminding chill over both. But a few moments more and,

He stood up to go before she spoke. "Til miss you." She rose, too, and gave INDIANS HELPED HIM TRAP The star was bored. She sent for Nussthe star was bored. She sent for Nussthan and the star of the to suspect. The papers are with me to a man—I've settled 'em. The little game will only last about twenty minutes at "Lumber," he nodded, adding, "I still it—no woman can—except perhaps to one be myself off the stage any more than on Eustace Roussain, Seventy Years

When he gained the top he seemed to ning into the St. Louis River.

the streets, but at other times, except for an occasional figure running as if for life, they were empty white stretches given the cheeks went away, and the girl he had known with a red mouth and food of thoughts warmed him, his gentle-girl he had known with a red mouth and eyes that crinkled up in an abandon face shown with blessful content. He lags when Roussain was a boy and was a reviewing his blessful content. He over to cutting winds.

The eight "distinguished citizens" were at the station, however, in good time, and was a boy and was a station, however, in good time, and watched Leighton's private car being the satin skirt and set out the dessert thing he loved best, gave him his daily indians Always Friendly. watched Leighton's private car being side-tracked into the most sheltered spot. But their presence, after all, was need-less that she thanked the spirit of dare-devil poverty that the statin skirt and set out the dessert thing ne loved best, gave him his daily bread; he had a few faithful friends; and he had just forgiven an ancient wrong and buried the phantom of an old hate.

Peace was his marvelous and sweet. His and that he had never heard of any trouthem heartily, but was too tired to ap-wakings to new precarious mornings lips moved to prayer, as, standing mo-ble between the races at the head of the things of laughter and the cosy shut-in nights a time for the making of dreams, day burst upon the world, making every "Bill" Nettleton settled on his claim and came back and breathed their rapture spear of ice flash back rosy lights and put up his house, at about where Third blue shadows.

"Oh, how satisfying it is to be able to Across the town, that still slept under avenue east is now, and he says Nettlethe same thing would happen—failure the center of the waiting-room. Though right along. Well, the kid died, and then Leighton, who saw something she liked the center of the waiting-room. Though the center of the waiting-room. Though say these things to you, David." It was the first built where Duton's house was the first bui "Well, I didn't spend fifty dollars on these gardenias and violets to let them rot. We ought to throw a little side after all our trouble," he fumed, lifting the big pasteboard boxes and shoving them into Andrew's arms. "Here, Brett, you take them to her, and say a few words for the first time in fifteen years into sight and crossing the whiteness with sooty smoke twisting back along its into sight and crossing the whiteness with sooty smoke twisting back along its is now. Roussain was trapping here besteemed a small, secretive thing that had belonged to the night, but which must belonged to the night say the n them to her, and say a few words for the sorry when it's all over, when the pain has all been lived through?"

His gaze followed the last car until it miles back of Duluth.

Roussain's father died thirty years ago, "But the being sorry is good," he said of soot had melted into and become one and Roussain has lived with his sister, with the triumphant sun.

## ENGLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.



MISS IVY LILLIAN CLOSE

The girl whose picture is here shown won the prize as the most beautiful woman from 15,000 contestants in England. This is a reproduction of the picture which won the prize. Miss Close is engaged to marry the photogram pher who took the picture.

## TRAPPED FOR ASTOR

First White Born in Duluth Is Still Living.

of his school career and went to work helping his father in the store and about the farm. At odd times he taught some of the Indians to read and write and was

Began Trapping at Twenty,

of ale, ready for a gossip before bed time.
He was in the kitchen, irons biazing on the stove, while, with excited, even ecstatic flourishes, he pressed his evening clothes and white tie.

By the next day the cold had become almost unbearable, and Henderson was scarcely surprised to receive a telegram.

The small table was radiant with the china and the silver which always went with her. The low candle flames made a confidential and hazy nimbus about them. The little house was gray with the new day as he set the apink gloom. The gardenias and violets were strewn on the cloth.

In one old, Italian wine of deep amber When he was about twenty years old In one old, Italian wine of deep amber intensely cold, but the snow that had West Duluth and his home his trapping scarcely surprised to receive a telegram from Nussbaum saying Leighton was keeping to her bargain, but wished the reception by the orphans given up, thought it unwise, in fact, that they should come out at all. She also wished a hundred dollars distributed among them.

In one old, Italian wine of deep amber they drank to many things. To how fallen during the night had taken the many indeed!—to days of poverty; London arctic edge from the air. A high ridge rose above this lonely street on the many of fur-bearing animals along the stream gin of the town, and he climbed it slowly, wrapping his worn raccoon coat tightly creek. Mink were plentiful on the creek runder of the properties of the country; hepeful, ambitious days; across his chest. at that time and on all the creeks run-

rising sun was red; the silence was abso- town which now stands there, and the old man is still living on the land he re-claimed from the wilderness when he

of you for a long time one day last clear. A long train followed it, crawling tlement was established on Minnesota

Cecilia at the old place ever since. He has a niece, Cecilia Durfee, who is teach-

ing school now in Fond du Lac. Within the memory of Roussain a good, sized island has formed in the St. Louis. River opposite Fond du Lac, and in the the Northern Power Company against the Chambers he testified as to whether the island was there all the time or had been formed since he could re-member. He has seen the face of the

earth change in several places along the hearty and comes into West Duluth three or four times a year to visit old friends.

## has a host of friends in West Duluth, RATTLER BREAKS UP SCHOOL

Five-foot Snake Wriggles Along in

Front of Children. Moultrie Ga., May 15 .- The appearance of a rattlesnake in the schoolhouse at Centerville recently started a panic. A large five-foot rattler wriggled naif-way across the schoolroom, making his way for a corner in which were several childred. The alarm was given and pandemonium followed. Teachers and pupils vacated the room, giving it up entirely

to the snake. There are no large children in this school, and the teacher is a young woman, so there was no one to challenge the rattler. Some of the children ran to the home of D. N. Thorne, who heard the story with some misgivings, imaging that a chicken snake had frightened the children. He took his gun, however, and went to the rescue, and found a sure enough highland rattler in the house and attempting to get up on the seats in a corner of the room. One shot from the gun dispatched the reptile, but it was not possible to reorganize the school or re-

Des Moines, Iowa, May 15.-The annual edition of the Quax, Drake University's student publication, has been confiscated by the faculty and its editors threatened with expulsion unless two objectionable cartoons are withdrawn. The edition was published at a cost of \$3,000 and the student board of editors finally agreed to expurgate the edition and the offensive cartoons of Dean Frederick Norton and Miss Bessie Gringrad, student in the medical department, were cut out of 1.250 copies. The cartoons reflected upon Dean Norton's methods in class and Miss Gringrad's criticisms of certain members of the class.

Bread that Intoxicates. From Leslie's Weekly.

Throughout the eastern part of Siberia it is no extraordinary sight to see peasants in hilarious stages of intoxication brought on by eating bread. In the region between the sea and the river called Missouri the humidity of the climate as well as the soil is remarkable. In many parts the humidity is so intense that there grows upon ears of corn a special of fungus. As a result of this, the bread made from the corn gives all the results of an overdose of alcohol. Whole districts are sometimes inebriated by this strange kind of "alcoholic bread."